

# THE ISLAND HERO.

"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

Vol. 1.

Summerside, P. E. Island, May, 1873.

No. 1.

## WHAT WAS GAINED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

**T**WO men who were friends engaged to do a piece of work, and to share equally, the sum of money earned. One of them was named Henry Williams, and the other Edwin Jones. When the work was completed, Jones went to the employer for a settlement. The amount paid to him was thirty-three dollars, for which he had given a receipt in his own name and also in that of his friend for whom he had been authorised to act. Now Jones was rather selfish in his feelings. As he turned his steps homeward, he talked thus within himself:

"We ought to have had more for that job. I was sure of getting thirty-five or forty dollars for it. Sixteen dollars and a half! I earned twenty, every cent of it, myself. Williams is rather slow, sometimes. I am sure he didn't do near as much as I did. In all justice, I am entitled to the largest dividend."

Thus he went on communing with himself, until he finally determined to keep eighteen dollars and give his friend only fifteen. But as the agreement looked to an equal division, he must, of course, conceal the whole amount received. In other words he must say what was not true. How naturally does one wrong lead to another!

Jones had a good deal of debate with himself and felt some shame at the purpose that was in his mind. But his cupidity overmastered him. So when he met his friend and fellow workman, Williams, he gave him only fifteen dollars, saying that it was the half of what had been received. Williams expressed some surprise at the smallness of the sum, but showed not

the least suspicion of unfair play for he suspected none of Edwin Jones.

So, Jones was the gainer in the little operation of one dollar and a half. But this sum, unjustly acquired, was no sooner in his possession than it proved, instead of a blessing a curse; for, in place of that satisfaction which he had looked for, a sense of shame oppressed him. It was his custom to call around almost nightly, at the house of Williams and spend the evening with him in reading or pleasant conversation. On this occasion, tea being over he strolled forth, but did not take his way as usual to the house of his friend. He had wronged, and did not wish to meet him, or feel the stinging rebuke to his welcome smile. So he wandered about the street, aimlessly, and at last hopping to get, as it were, away from himself, opened the door of a refectory, and walked in among its idle, and, in too many cases, vicious inmates. The next thing was to call for oysters and brandy. With these he regaled himself, and by the time both were consumed, he felt much better. An old acquaintance now espied him.

"Ah! how are you, Jones? How are you?" I am really glad to see you again. Where in the world have you been hiding yourself.

And the man grasped his hand and shook it with much cordiality.

Jones returned the greeting warmly. A fresh supply of liquor was ordered, and the two men drank together in token of friendly feelings. How truly they were friends may be inferred from the fact, that in a very little while, they were playing at dominoes, each trying with all his skill to win the other's money! The old acquaintance of Jones proved the most skillful player. When the two men separated at eleven o'clock that night, Jones had lost the dollar and a half unjustly obtained from his true friend, Williams, also nearly five dollars beside.

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Unhappy man! That one false step—how far from the path of safety and peace had it already led him! The moment we turn ourselves away from what is good, that moment we are in danger—for that moment do we remove ourselves from the protecting sphere of heaven.

How wretched was Edwin Jones as he walked forth from that haunt of sensualism and evil passion! The cool night airs that pressed against his burning temples, allayed not their feverish heat. Ah! what would he have given for the innocence he had abandoned? What would he have given for the power to act over again a few brief scenes of the past? One dollar and a half he had gained, yet how fearfully he had lost by that gain! Honor, honesty, peace of mind were all gone—and, beyond this—though really least to be considered—he had lost for a poor man a large sum of money. He was the foolish dog and the shadow. What was gained? Oh, mocking question!

The "small hours of the morning" were passed by Jones in sleeplessness and self-upbraidings. A heavy slumber followed—long after sunrise he awoke, unrefreshed, and suffering from the keenest sense of shame. In justification of the wrong done to Williams, he now tried to find himself a self-sustaining argument. The sum was but a trifle—he said to himself—a trifle at best; and he was very sure he had done much the larger share of the work, and, in justice entitled to even a greater portion of pay than he had taken. This failed to satisfy him however. The voice of conscience could not be hushed; and that accused of both dishonesty and falsehood. Poor man! how much had he sacrificed for a paltry gain; and the gain had been like a snow-flake in the sunshine.

To meet Williams was a severe trial to Edwin Jones; and it was with some difficulty that he dragged himself to the shop where they daily worked together. How his eyes dropped beneath those of the friend he had nearly injured; and how stammeringly and unsatisfactorily he answered the earnest question—

"Where were you last night, Edwin? Mary and I had prepared a little treat for you; we were so disappointed. Were you not well?"

How evil acts lead into temptation!

"I was not very well, and staid at home," replied Jones, after partly giving some other reason, and then hesitatingly with a confused averted look. Another falsehood!

"You don't look well. I am very sorry," replied Williams, puzzled at the unusual appearance and manner of Jones; yet, in his entire freedom from suspicion, crediting the story of indisposition.

With how little heart did Jones go to work. How great a pressure was on his feelings. Several times, during the morning, as his thoughts brooded over the loss he had sustained on the previous evening, he let his hands fall, idly, by his side, while the purpose to leave work, go to the drinking house and seek to win back his money again, was forming itself in his mind.

"I'll make one more trial," said he, at length, speaking to himself—"Fortune I am sure will favor me."

At this moment, the door of the shop where he was at work opened, and a little girl, child of Williams, came in. She was a pleasant, good-tempered child, and attracted almost every one. Jones had always liked her—in fact, he often called her his little favorite.

"Anything wanted, Anna," said Mr. Williams, kindly.

"Mother says," replied the child, "that my shoes are not good enough to wear this evening, and she says, won't you let me have a new pair?"

Williams let his eyes fall to the floor, and stood silent for some moments. A sigh passed his lips. He then said:

"I'll think about it, dear."

"But won't you get them, father?" returned the child, a look of disappointment coming instantly into her face.

"I'm afraid not, dear. But, don't let it make you unhappy. I'll talk to mother when I come home at dinner time. If we can spare the money just now, you shall have the shoes."

How the child's disappointed tones smote upon the heart of Edwin Jones! How her sad face rebuked him!

After Anna had left, Williams said to Jones:

"It hurts me to disappoint the child; and yet I don't see how the money is to be spared just now. I have already paid away ten dollars of the sum I received yesterday; and to take out of

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what remains a dollar and a half for a pair of shoes, in order that Anna may go to the birthday party of one of her schoolmates, will be to draw too heavily on the little store. I calculated on at least sixteen dollars and a half; but Jackson is a hard man to deal with—always cutting down poor workmen whenever he can get a chance to do so. The disappointment has made me feel poor."

Jones made no answer, and Williams said nothing further. A new train of idea having been excited by the incident of the child's appearance, the former thought no more of leaving his work for the drinking house, there to win back, if possible, the money lost on the previous evening. No one need envy him the feelings that agitated his bosom. Here was the fruit of his injustice—and the taste was bitter; bitter to the palate of an innocent child.

"Who makes your children's shoes?" asked Jones, with affected indifference, as he was putting on his coat to leave the shop at dinner-time.

"Peterman," was replied.

"Do you like his work?" asked Jones.

"Yes. It is very good."

"McLean is an excellent workman."

This was said by Jones to turn the thought of Williams from what was in his mind.

Even before Williams reached his dwelling, a pair of shoes had been conveyed there for Anna. Sad at the thought of meeting his disappointed child, the father entered his home.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Anna, holding up her shoes, "I am so glad you bought them for me. You are a good father!" And the child kissed him tenderly.

We leave Mr Williams to offer the best explanation of the matter in his power, and turn briefly to Jones. Though his heart felt lighter for having bought Anna a pair of shoes, thus making restitution, he was far from being at ease in his mind.

What had he gained by his selfishness and dishonesty? Rather say, what had he lost? Ah! it is hard to make that calculation. Even his very soul had been brought into great peril; and all to gain the trifling sum of one dollar and a half, that passed from his hand almost as soon as gained.

Shame, fear, and disappointment combines to produce a feeling of wretch-

edness. "What," he asked himself, "if Williams should find out the real sum received from Jackson?"

A cold shudder ran along his nerves at the thought. Miserable man that he was! and all in consequence of yielding to a single temptation. Small causes often produce important effects; whether for good or evil. A single wrong step, may lead to unknown wretchedness.

Glad are we to say, that Edwin Jones did not, again, turn his steps to the haunts of vice where he had spent the previous evening. From suffering he had grown wiser. Ah! what would he not have given could he have lived over the past two days again? That, however, was impossible. A sad record had been made in his book of life, and though he might repent deeply and tearfully, the record must still remain, to trouble him like a haunting spirit, whenever the fingers of memory turned the closely written leaves.

Months went by ere Edwin Jones could think of that single wrong act, without a sense of fear lest it should, through some accident, become known to his friend. This, however, did not happen. Williams never knew that his friend Jones had deceived him; and it was better he remained ignorant.

Nothing is ever gained by wrong doing. There may seem, in many cases, to be a gain; but the real loss will over balance it fearfully.

Pumps invented 1425.

Violins invented 1477.

Paper first made of rags 1417.

Almanacs first published 1441.

Spinning wheel invented 1330.

Printing invented by Faust 1441.

Engraving on wood invented 1490.

Roses first planted in England 1505.

Postoffices established in England 1464

Markets invented in England 1421.

Hatchets first made in 1504.

Punctuation first used in 1520

Before that time words and sentences were  
together like this.

"Say, you fella up dar, stop frowning dem pe-nut shells down hea, on dis chiles hed." As the colored german said, when a hod carrier let a hod of bricks fall down on said darkies head, from a height of about 20 feet.

Judge.—"Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now, what would you steal?"

Prisoner.—"I would steal away, your honor."

# THE ISLAND HERO.

## The Island Hero.

Samuel M. Graves, Editor.

Summerside, P. E. Island. . . . May, 1873.

### Subscription Rates.

1 COPY 1 YEAR, . . . . .	40 cents
2 " " " . . . . .	75 "
4 " " " . . . . .	\$1.45 "
8 " " " . . . . .	2.70 "
10 " " " . . . . .	3.20 "

### Advertisements.

1 INCH 1 INSERTION, . . . . .	50 cents
1 COLUMN " " . . . . .	\$1.35 "
1 " " " . . . . .	3.00 "
1 PAGE, " . . . . .	5.75 "

### SALUTATORY.

To-day we launch forth the first issue of the ISLAND HERO to the amateurs of Prince Edward Island for inspection. In entering upon this enterprise we do not expect to make it a financial success; yet we are fully satisfied that our friends, both young and old, will assist and encourage us in carrying out our proposed project. We commence our career in the interest of the youths of this Island, therefore we look mainly to them for our support. It is our sincere determination not to descend to any vulgar or degrading discussions, but it shall ever be our chief aim to cultivate and refine the youthful talent of our Island homes as far as our ability goes. We shall pursue a straightforward and honest course, not interfering with political questions; and, endeavoring to avoid personalities, we shall obliterate prejudice and advocate our opinions independently. Striving to keep pace with the times we will give our readers as much news as our space will permit. We may here state that we are strong supporters of the temperance movement, and will always be happy at any time to yield our mite to advance the cause. The ISLAND HERO will be issued on the first of every month; and as we will insert a few advertisements at a moderate rate, we

respectfully call the attention of advertisers to this literary vehicle as a good medium to make known their desire. Before making our bow, we will acquaint our readers of the fact that this paper is edited by a boy of sixteen years, and, consequently it cannot be expected to possess rare literary merit, but still we shall endeavor to place such articles before the public as will reflect credit on us. We sincerely hope and trust that every boy in the land will render his assistance in procuring subscribers to the ISLAND HERO. It is only FORTY CENTS per annum, and what boy cannot raise a year's subscription to the HERO. If any person wants a sample before subscribing, enclose a four cent stamp. We recommend the following, clipped from an American paper, to our readers:—

We've labored many a weary hour  
This issue to beguile,  
And so instead of frowning looks  
We want your brightest smile.

If you were standing in our place  
You'd think it quite unkind,  
If we should sit aside and strive  
Some little fault to find.

So if you find it in your hearts  
To jest or ridicule,  
Just put yourself within our place  
And say the golden rule.

Keep charity within your hearts  
Hold fast her teachings true,  
And if it does no good to us  
It surely will to you.

### POSTAGE STAMPS.

Of late there has been a great deal said about the Prince Edward Island Postage Stamps. Every stamp dealer seems to have a color of his own for these stamps. We have seen a good many catalogues of stamps; but not one of them have given the original colors of the Island stamps. In this column we will give the correct color of the cent issue:—

HEAD OF QUEEN—FACE TO LEFT.  
ISSUED 1872.

1 Cent orange inclined to brown value below	Head Figures in 4 corners
2 " Blue	2 "
3 " Rose	2 "
4 " Green	4 "
6 " Black	4 "
12 " Purple	2 "

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Next month we purpose to give a list of the pence issue and color, also the date when issue. Any person wishing a packet of the above six stamps, by enclosing 50 cents will receive them by return mail.

### SPRING

HAS once more come upon us with all its glorious vicissitudes. The sun pours forth its brilliant rays, and everything around us appears re-animated. How delightful! The trees, ere many days pass, will blossom forth beautifully arrayed, effusing simultaneously their odoriferous fragrance, exhilarating all humanity. The nymphs of the forest resound their warblings as of old, and nature, which in solitude and coldness has lain the long winter, has awoken with renewed vigor. The farmers have commenced their spring operations, and all animated nature, spontaneously join in their duties of the soul stirring season. Everything appears as of the heaven heavenly, and as the poet has truly written:—

O soul of the spring-time, its light and its breath,  
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death;  
Renew the great miracle; let us behold  
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,  
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!  
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,  
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,  
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree  
The symbols and types of our destiny see;  
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,  
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul!

ANY person receiving a copy of this paper, will please take it as—a hint to subscribe.

If you should read this paper and are not a subscriber, ease a guilty conscience by immediately sending your address and 40 cents to Samuel M. Graves, Summerside, P. E. Island.

MESSRS CLARK & ROBLEE, two young men, well and favourably known here, have purchased the stock-in-trade of T. B. Hall, Esq., and will carry on a general retail business at the old stand. Give them a call.—*Summerside Journal*.

ADVERTISEMENTS for the HERO should be sent in before the 20th of the month.

WE learn from the Agent here, that there will be no steamer until Tuesday.

WE hope that the story entitled, "What was Gained," on our first page, will be read by all.

THE "ISLAND HERO," will be for sale at H. A. Harvie's Bookstore, Charlottetown, and at D. Archibald's, Summerside.

PERSONS writing to advertisements in this paper, will do us a great favor if they will state that they "Saw advt. in ISLAND HERO."

WE respectfully solicit contribution from all parts of the Island, and will answer any question that our young folks may ask, in the HERO.

WE hope before many issues to give our readers an original story written by a young lad of this town, only sixteen years of age.

MESSRS GREEN & OUTERBRIDGE have entered into partnership and keep a liquor and general grocery store, as well as an Ice Cream saloon, on Water street opposite Hibbett's Hotel.

WE understand that Dr. Chas. Jewett, the illustrious Temperance advocate, is about to visit this Island, to deliver a series of lectures on Temperance. He will visit Summerside on the 12th July.

Two Engines have been shipped aboard a schooner from the *Prince Edward* for Summerside. It is expected that the railroad between here and town will be completed on or about the 10th July.

THERE has been lately a great change among the business men of this town. Some have retired, succeeded by young men, and others are about commencing business. We wish them all unbounded success.

WE have received the first number of the *Stamp Collector's Chronicle*, a magazine, devoted to Philately, and published quarterly by the St. John, N.B., Foreign Stamp Company. It is neatly got up, containing 16 pages of instructive and well printed matter. We recommend it to every collector of curiosities.

## THE ISLAND HERO.

### Poetry.

#### BOAT SONG.

While the bark is merrily bounding,  
And the trembling moon-beams smile,  
High we'll chaunt, each voice resounding.

"Welcome to our native isle."  
When to view the land seems clearer,  
Brothers, let your voices soar,  
Soon the breeze will waft us nearer  
To our loved and native shore.  
Bright the hopes within us burning,  
When our native land is near;  
Calm to think, when home returning,  
Of the joys that wait us there.  
Now our bark gains on the shore boys,  
High we'll raise the welcome strain,  
Merrily let your voices soar, boys,  
"Welcome native Isle! again."

#### SLEEPING.

BY DEXTER SMITH, JR.

Her pure life is ended,—  
Her sweet spirit fled,  
And now she is sleeping  
In peace, with the dead;  
The white hands are folded  
In beautiful rest,  
And after life's dreaming  
She dwells with the blest.

Too fair was the blossom  
For earth's chilly blast,  
And slowly she faded  
Ere childhood was past;  
No bud e'er so tender—  
Or lily so frail.  
Ere bloomed in the garden  
Of life's dreary vale.

#### PUZZLES.

Nor legs, nor arms, nor wings, have I,  
Yet through the air I swiftly fly.  
I cannot boast a gracious form,  
And dress less elegant than warm;  
I own the soft portie line  
And sweet love tales are often mine.  
I'm shallow oft, and oft profound;  
Heavy and dull I'm frequent found,  
Yet oft with sense and wit abound.  
Of Europe I have made the tour,  
And often visit Asia's shore;  
I in America have been,  
And Africa my fern has seen.  
The prince, the pedlar, mistress, maid,  
Derive advantage from my aid.  
Forn'd ages since, yet made to-day  
I'm hourly subject to decay.  
When winds blow hard, and showers fall,  
Expos'd I patiently bear all;  
Yet are my sufferings, hence, so great.  
They always expedite my fate.

My first is somewhat soft and yellow,  
Especially in spring;  
My next a busy meddling fellow,  
For ever on the wing;  
My whole, like an inconstant rover,  
From fair to fair one flies,  
Till, his career of pleasure over,  
He drooping, sinks and dies.

I never in a house was born,  
Nor did I ever fly;  
And yet to make the puzzle out,  
I soar into the sky.  
I oft contain both life and breath,  
And yet I never die;  
And though sometimes to remnants torn,  
I never heave a sigh.  
On through ambition, I aspire,  
And go till I can go no higher;  
And then like many men so great,  
I sink into a lower state.

Any person sending a correct answer  
to the above puzzles, will receive the  
HERO for one year. The answers will  
be given next month.

#### THIS and THAT.

Zip service—Kissing.

Chamber Music—Baby.

A man of taste—A glutton.

Flash language—Telegrams.

Ass-assination—Donkey slaughter.

How to raise Beets—Take hold of the  
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## THE ISLAND HERO.

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May, 1873

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## THE ISLAND HERO.

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May, 1873.

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May, 1873.